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Fioretti

Marian College

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THE FIORETTI

AN ANTHOLOGY
OF
MARIAN COLLEGE
PROSE AND VERSE

VOLUME THREE

Marian College

Indianapolis, Indiana

1945-1946

To

THE VERY REVEREND MSGR. JOHN J. DOYLE, PH.D.,

Chaplain of Marian College,

this volume is dedicated

in commemoration

of the twenty-fifth anniversary

of his ordination

to the priesthood.

"The Priests of the Gospel are one with Christ."
—*Cardinal Newman.

"From the full horn of heavenly grace
Thy Spirit did anoint.

• • •

"And he becomes a father true,
Spending and spent, when troubles fall,
A pattern and a servant too,
All things to all."
—Cardinal Newman.

*May 30, 1947, will mark the centenary of Newman's ordination to the Roman Catholic priesthood.

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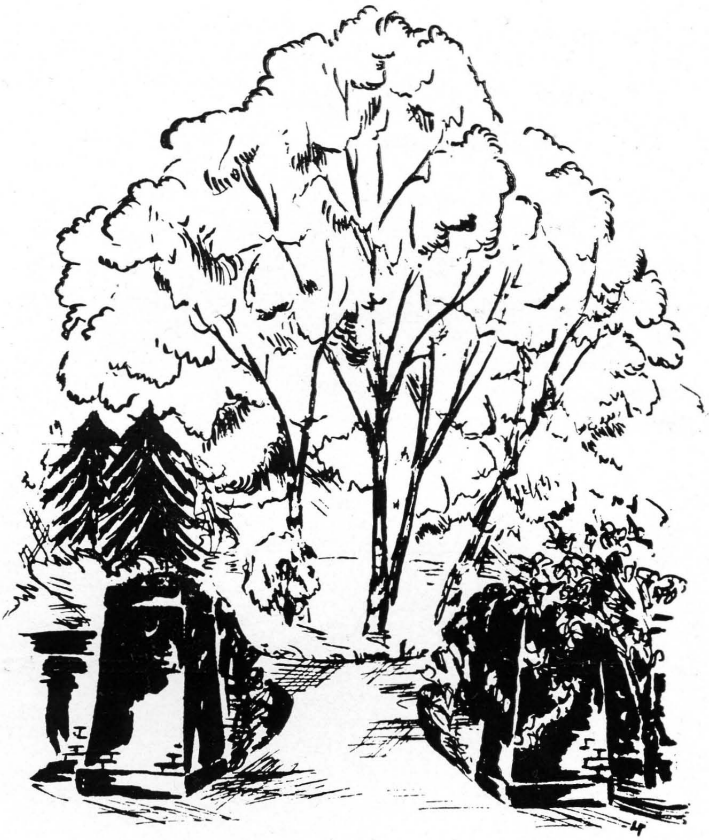
To the left of the birches, St. Francis Drive leads out toward fields and woods, hillsides and lakes—the habitat of trillium and daffodil, of lotus and water-lily. To the right, the drive winds through landscaped lawns where crocus, tulip, and iris, in turn, fringe the hedges, and lilies-of-the-valley, peonies, and roses line the walks. A few campus "little flowers" share the pages of this volume with the literary "little flowers."



Gateway to Campus "Fioretti"

He Carried a Package

MARY MCCARTHY

Conscience and three pairs of eyes decide its fate.

The bus skidded to a sudden halt at the downtown intersection. The screech of the brakes, as they checked the rolling bus on the wet pavement, was more penetrating than u s u a l. The streets were nearly deserted, save for a few early morning workers huddled-over and h u r r y i n g through the foggy, drizzly atmosphere. Few light rays managed to find their way through the thick maze of clouds.

As if from nowhere he came. His tattered raincoat covered a lean but sturdy body, which drooped slightly at the shoulders. The dark-brown, mud-spattered shoes oozed water. The trousers were rolled at the cuff. His coat collar was tucked closely about his neck. The expression on his face was set and determined, yet his eyes held a note of sadness. His rain-soaked hat was pulled low over his forehead, and under his right arm was a bundle covered with brown wrapping paper. He clung to it tenaciously.

Walking toward the intersection with head down, totally absorbed in his thoughts, he was startled by the screeching brakes. Noticing the destination of the bus—Rock Road—he cut across the street and jumped aboard. He reached deep into his pocket to pay the driver with his last token. Perhaps he should have saved it, but he had been walking for hours, it seemed, and felt unable to go farther on foot. Wearily he took a seat near the front.

A few passengers were scattered throughout the bus. "Why did they all stare at him?", he thought. "Did they know, too?" The tiny, shriveled lady directly across from him seemed to be reading his mind. Her kindly eyes said, "Too bad, my lad." Several seats behind her a stout gentleman wearing a thick, black mustache glanced out the window and then back, letting his eyes fall on the package wrapped in brown paper. Squirming with guilt, he shifted the package to the opposite side. If he could only shout to them and explain the why of it all—but no, he must sit quietly under their scrutiny.

The bus jogged along the bumpy road making few stops. A young lad, in the last seat,

stretched to his capacity in reaching the cord to stop the car. He was excited over the new experience of riding such a vehicle. As he passed the man with the package, he gave him a cheery smile. If only grown people could be like that, eager to make friends and to help others. The happy spirit of the boy reached him. It was merely his imagination that allowed him to think each of the riders was singling him out to watch. His conscience let them accuse him.

Turning his back, he concentrated on the view from the window. The better section of town had already been passed. The large houses perched on hills and surrounded by shrubs and trees were no longer in sight, but, rather, bungalows lined close to one another. This was the neighborhood most familiar to him.

"Nasty weather we're having," the driver commented.

Looking up he noticed that the other passengers had left, only he remained. "Yes, it is," he replied absent-mindedly.

"Here's the end of the line. My run back to town will be heavy with the crowds going to work. This your stop?"

"Yes, it is."

Alighting, he noticed streaks of sunlight through the clouds. Grasping his bundle tightly, he cut across the field and over the railroad tracks. In a few moments he would face his wife and two small children. He loved them dearly, but, lately, facing them had become harder and harder.

He turned the knob and opened the door. Marie, sitting in a rocker in the far corner, threw aside her mending and fairly ran to him.

"Oh, John, I've been so anxious about you. This special delivery arrived a few minutes ago. Open and read it quickly."

Nervously John laid aside his package, tore open the envelope, and read:

" . . . Your painting entitled 'My Family' has won first prize, $1,000 . . . We offer you a position on our staff. . . ."

Beaming with joy, John grabbed Marie and danced around the room. They rushed through the poorly furnished but tidy home to the back yard where the two young daughters were playing. Seeing their daddy, they dropped their toys and ran to him.

"Daddy, daddy, you're back," they cried and threw their arms about his neck. John was supremely happy. The prize money and offer of a permanent position were a fulfillment of his dreams. And yet there remained a note of gloom as he recalled the package on the sofa.

"I'm hungry, daddy," said Marcia the younger of the two.

"So am I," returned Beth.

"Let's go into the house to see what can be done about it," hurriedly put in Marie. "You kiddies go with dad. We'll have your breakfast in a jiffy."

With one daughter on each arm and Marie leading the way, John entered the house. The package was on his mind.

Scarcely had Marie gone to the kitchen, joyously resolved to turn the lone cup of flour into pancake batter, when he was at her heels. Onto the table went the package.

The little family gathered about him as he began to unwrap it—their eyes more eager as each fold was turned back. At last the contents was before them—a leather brief-case. On the outside flap, engraved in gold, were the initials "W.J.D." Inside were legal papers of all types including wills and personal correspondence. In a compartment in the left-hand corner were several rolls of paper bills neatly held togther with a rubber band.

The children's eyes grew larger and larger as he riffled his fingers through the money. Then followed "ohs" and "ahs" and a deluge of questions—"Where did you get it?", "Whose is it?". Marie with her quiet reserve waited for the excitement to diminish. Her curiosity was nearly as great as the children's, but she would wait for an explanation.

"Quiet down, kiddies. It doesn't belong to us. I . . . I found it this morning, when I stopped at the drug store."

Closing the brief-case, John recalled the long struggle he had had within himself. His paintings of late had brought little revenue and the money would have satisfied his family's pressing need—for a time at least.

Looking into the innocent, trusting faces of his children, and beyond them into Marie's soul-searching eyes, he knew now that he could never have kept it.

Sanctuary Resolve

SARAH PAGE

In the semi-darkness of the church a lone figure knelt in prayer. From time to time, the flickering candlelight played on her lovely, young face.

"It isn't easy. It isn't at all easy. In fact, it is a much harder step to take than I imagined. Help me, Lord!"

As Martha spoke to Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, she realized all that she would leave behind her. There was her family. She knew those bright, laughing eyes of Dad would dim when she left. Mom—Mom, who would feel it most of all. Yet she knew Mom would not cry. No, she would not give way to her feelings until she was alone. Martha could see Mike, her big brother whom she loved so much, with his pleasant smile. He would understand. He always understood her.

Martha did not like to think of saying goodbye to Dave. There had always been an understanding between them since they had been in their "teens." Now she could never expect to hear his gay voice over the telephone saying, "How about a ride in the moonlight?" Yes, it would be hardest to explain to Dave.

Suddenly she wondered if she really wanted to go. It would mean leaving a world of gay, carefree fun. Was it what He wanted? As if in answer to her question, the flickering red sanctuary light seemed to burn brighter and envelop her in its warmth. Martha knew then that the life she was going to would be worth more than the one she would leave behind. Doing for others would be a life of joy. Christ, as her Divine Lover, would always be faithful to His bride.

In her exultation, Martha prayed, "I give Thee my body that it may be chaste and pure. I give Thee my soul that it may be free from sin. Above all, O Lord, I give Thee myself in life and in death, that I may be Thine forever and glorify Thee eternally."

UNREQUITED

O burning Ship, Which shelter seeks
Within the harbors of the world,
Your flames seem powerless to melt
The ice that blocks Your entrance there.

O Light of lights, that ever strives
To penetrate the darkness dense,
Your radiant beams outshine the sun,
Yet distant stars accomplish more.

O purest Fount, Your waters cool
Flow copiously, but all in vain;
For thirsting lips avoid Your kiss
As from pollution they would shrink.

O best of Shepherds, tirelessly
You toil to guard Your fretting flock
From dangers which it will not heed,
Since discontent its senses dulls.

O gentle Lamb, Whose sacrifice
Alone could quench the wrath of God,
Your meekness and humility
Draw scorn from man instead of love.

Omnipotence, Infinity,
You hide Yourself 'neath bread and wine,
That You may nourish famished souls
With strength both human and Divine.

O Love incomprehensible,
What more could You have done
To win the hearts of selfish men?—
You dare not force the will that's free.

—Anna Roffelsen.

Compensation

MARJORIE GULDE

He is still, his entire being intent, listening, ever listening, for what he can never more see. His closed eyelids conceal the blankness but recently inflicted; his blanched countenance and bent shoulders bespeak a soul weighed down.

Suddenly, through the gloom, crash the tones of Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony." His bony fingers clutch his mahogany cane, his constant penance; his lips, until now closed in resentment, part in wonder. His heart pounds with enlightened hope as the inspiring strains first whisper, then echo and re-echo loudly their message of hope, "All is not lost, my son, all is not lost."

The music changes. Tschaikowsky's "Concerto in B-Flat" pours forth its faith and love in a golden stream of light which fills the prison-cell of his confinement, bathing its walls and illuminating its shadowy corners. The eyes of his troubled mind respond; beautiful recollections flood his spirit; he is no longer a slave to this earth and its miseries. He smiles tremulously. It is as though the notes have captured the pearls of his scattered thoughts, threaded them on a silken strand, and clasped it tightly around his eager heart.

Swamp-Dawn

JACQUELINE BYRNE

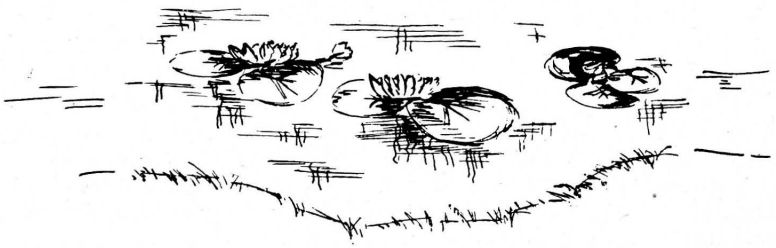
The distant howl of a hound breaks the misty, breathing quiet that is the dawn of the swamp-land. The terrifying scream of a brilliantly-feathered bird, protesting his early awakening, bursts loudly on the atmosphere and echoes and re-echoes over the area. A family of beavers paddles across the water, and the day's work has begun for them. The drowsy garden snake slithers over the sandy bank while the tiny rocks rattle their disapproval. He hisses at them hatefully and unwittingly startles the sleeping bull-frog. A loud splash follows; dead lotus leaves skim over the quiet water. This is God's gentle way of calling to a new day's life His beloved creatures of the swamp.

APRIL MAGIC

Earth feels the warm fingers of sun
Upon her breast, and stirs.
Fresh new winds and gentlest rain
Brush barren treetops and speak softly
To the grasses.
They, in reply,
Smile their new smile
Into the face of the sun.

Pink-tinged the clouds drift overhead
Reflecting cherry blooms,
Frothy mounds afloat in the sky
Like lotus heads strewn on a lake
Cerulean blue.
All nature's awake,
Vibrant in the awareness
Of its continuity.

—Jeanne E. Gallagher.



Cabin Companion

ADELINE VALDEZ

It was dusk when I approached the cabin. The wind was whistling and howling unsympathetically through the dark trees. As I hurried up the narrow, lonely path, the shrubbery cast ghostly shadows which seemed to follow me closely. Finally I reached the cabin door and, after an endless minute, the latch gave way. Rusty iron hinges squeaked when I opened it.

Lighting the one small candle that had been in my pocket, I entered slowly. The faint yellow glow it cast gave the room a haunted appearance. The air was damp and strong with the smell of mold. When I was accustomed to the scant light, I saw, standing on a small table, a statuette of the Blessed Virgin.

Courage and joy surged anew in me, and the fear that had oppressed me vanished. The room took on a friendly warmth and light, while everything unpleasant was forgotten. At least I would not be alone; for here was a friend whose companionship I could share in the coming days.

Old Man of the Streets

LA VENA VALANT

As was my custom, I sat at my window looking down upon the street. Children were playing hopscotch; couples strolled by, the girls clinging possessively to their escorts; nurses walked by, pushing sleeping babes in their perambulators. Then came the old man.

I wouldn't have thought him old if I hadn't seen his face with the bright sunlight shining upon it. It was wrinkled and worn. The mouth drawn down at the corners gave him a saddened, depressed air. He wore a black shabby felt bowler, obviously not his own for it made him look ridiculous. His shirt was white and stiffly starched, his suit black and shiny. The hand that gripped the cane was long and narrow, the skin almost transparent, the blue veins showing distinctly. He walked past my window, his shoes creaking.

Since then I have seen him often; he is always the same. He seems to be searching for someone. Eagerly, hopefully, he scans the face of each passerby.

It rather amused me, at first, his heartfelt belief that he would find the someone he was searching for. But now, as he continues to pass my window each Sunday afternoon, I look away. His disappointment tugs at my heart.

Irish Melodies

MARY ANNE GALLAGHER

Thomas Moore, lyricist, preserves
Gaelic song traditions in English verse.

When Thomas Moore, about 140 years ago, decided to write a series of English poems to traditional Irish melodies, it was his professed intention to popularize Irish music outside Ireland. He hoped, moreover, to preserve for many Irishmen the musical heritage jeopardized by the suppression of their language, their institutions, and their culture. Moore succeeded beyond his expectations. For years following their publication, his "Irish Melodies" were sung, studied and imitated not only in Ireland, but in England, in continental Europe, and in America. Even today his "Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms" is sung and loved by people all over the world.

When the "Melodies" first appeared, Moore's English public pronounced the poems, as well as the music, remarkable for originality of form, rhythm, and mood. Yet these forms and rhythms and moods had characterized Gaelic poetry for over a century before he wrote. It was not that Moore consciously imitated Gaelic poetry. Rather, he unintentionally duplicated basic characteristics of Gaelic poetry because he faithfully reflected the characteristics of Irish national music. Through Moore's lyrics, therefore, Irish music is the bridge linking Gaelic rhythms and flavor with English verse.

Vivid patriotism informs the "Melodies"; these rise, in fact, to the height of Irish national songs. His devotion to the memory of the generous and ill-starred Robert Emmet was the finest chord in Moore's affectionate heart. Erin felt the spirit of Emmet hovering in the sadly fluent melodies and mournful lines, for instance, of "She Is Far From the Land."

It was the passion for independence the revolt against monstrous tyranny, the unreasoning, blind, defiant instinct of liberty which caused Irish hearts to give Moore such a welcome. Some twenty of his melodies like "The Harp

That Once Through Tara's Halls," will carry the story of Ireland's aspirations and sorrows to all future generations.

The style in which Moore excels reveals simple tenderness of feeling expressed in simple language, without imagery or elaboration. Versed in music, he adapts the lyrics perfectly to the accompanying melodies.

No song-writer, perhaps, has gathered his subjects from so many sources or acquired greater dexterity in the use of his tools and materials. His natural wit and vivacity save him from being dull, and his enthusiastic love of country give to many of his poems that force and dignity which are ever the result of genuine feeling.

Moore should be recognized as an innovator in verse: with him the poetry of modern Ireland begins. He gave a lead both to Byron and Shelley, and he anticipated many of the developments of present-day Celtic poetry. The first poet of a national awakening, he fell heir to the music of his country, to the curiosity about the Celtic past that MacPherson had stirred, to the Romantic movement with its interest in national expression. Shelley admired Moore's verse, Coleridge praised his deftly mingled poetry and music, and Byron was a loyal friend.

However compelling the beauty of Moore's verse when he is moved by the contemplation of broken hopes and lost causes, he is by no means a specialist in sadness. On the contrary, he is often consummately deft in the lighter numbers—in gallantry, humor, piquant and even magical moods, and the honest yet not heavy expression of domestic affection. Whether jovial or tender, Moore's lyrics of love and friendship owe their inspiration to the mood of the music to which they are set, and they also owe to this music their form, the arrangement of their rhymes.

As a literary influence in Ireland. Moore's "Irish Melodies," though widely imitated, have been more significant for the reaction aroused than the imitation suggested. In England and America leading poets have found Moore a fertile influence. The second generation of English Romanticists, particularly Byron and Shelley, who paid Moore the tribute of direct imitation, owed much more to Moore's virtuosity in poetic rhythms than to similar, but more limited techniques of Collins, Cowper, Burns. Scott. and Coleridge. Victorian poets borrowed not only from the "Irish Melodies" but from the structurally more elaborate creations of

Moore's Romantic admirers. Among Americans, Edgar Allan Poe did not hesitate to acknowledge Moore as a teacher. Stephen Foster studied Moore's "Melodies" closely, and they remained an enduring influence on both his music and his verse.

Ireland, as well as the literary world in general, owes Moore a better place than has been awarded him. His position among the artists in English of his native land must be likened to that of the legendary knight who, seeking the Grail, failed of worthiness, yet merited the privilege of leading others to the holy vision.

Holocaust

JOAN COYLE

It could have been told by a returned veteran.

The sun beat hard upon the seemingly endless strip of yellow sand leading to the bright coral beach. To the left of the field the tall palm trees hardly stirred in the sultry atmosphere. The entire base was silent as death.

A spluttering sound broke the stillness . . . a plane in trouble. Jim's eyes went to the sky and stayed there. Into sight veered a B-49, its left wing shattered, its fuselage lopsided. The engine coughed and choked and, just as it seemed ready to give up, something urged it on. Could they make it? God help them.

Suddenly Jim jumped from his seat in the control tower, his face blanched and studded with beads of sweat. He clutched wildly at the radio controls and tried to contact them. It proved impossible; evidently the radio mechanism had been hit. They had overshot the field and were too low to clear the tower. He ran out on the balcony and waved his arms frantically, signaling them to climb and circle. The battered victim, losing its fuel, hovered so near he could almost touch it as it skimmed over his head.

One more try . . . one more . . . one. But they had turned too soon! His heart pounded madly. If there were only something he could do! Then instantly, without warning, the engine failed, and the crippled "Fighter" hurtled swiftly to the ground. The earth quaked with the impact; then flames leaped out into the air like blazing wings consuming "The Fighter" and all her crew, before the rescue squad could reach it.

As Jim stood motionless watching the funeral pyre, tears slid down his cheeks and he murmured, "My buddies."

Open for Business

MARY JO FOLEY

A business woman should expect it.

It was 10:30 on a Saturday morning. All the shops in the square were open and busy. Inside Marilyn's Beauty Shoppe, there was one lone customer, Clare's sister-in-law. Marilyn stood by the window hopefully.

The shop had been open for business exactly two weeks. Marilyn knew the town was large enough to accommodate another beauty shop. She also knew the average amount of business to expect. She even had an assistant, Clare Douglas. But for some reason her business was very poor.

Turning away from the window, she noticed a young girl looking at the sign. Immediately her spirits rose and her quick mind began to think. When the girl opened the door, Marilyn sighed, smiled, and then picked up the phone and dialed the number to her apartment. While waiting for the number she hummed and smiled at the girl again.

"Hello, Mrs. Van Sites, this is Marilyn of Marilyn's Beauty Shoppe. About your appointment, I'm afraid a week from Thursday is the best I can do. Terribly sorry. Pardon? That's fine. We'll make it 10 o'clock then. Goodbye."

Marilyn noticed that the girl, who was still standing by the door was favorably impressed. Beckoning her to a chair, she said, "Now what can a beauty operator do for a lovely girl like you?"

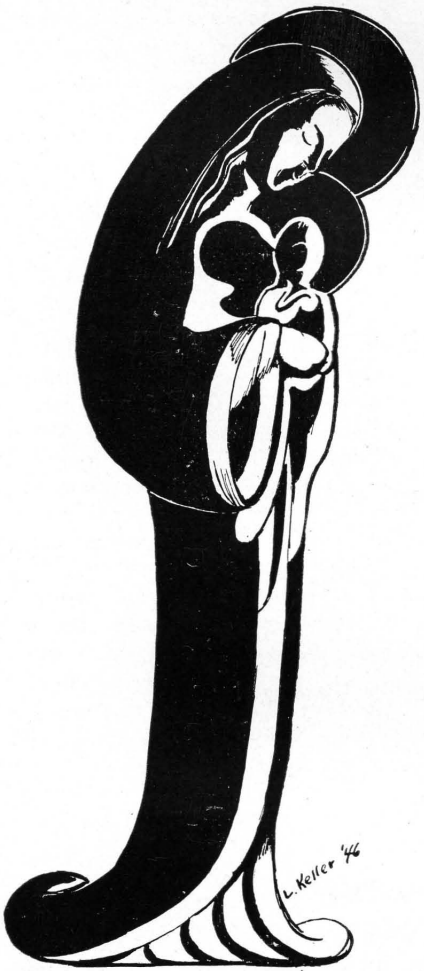
"Why, I am . . ."

"Oh, dear, I forgot about my lady in the back room. Will you excuse me? I'll be right back. Here is our chart, you can decide what style of coiffure you would prefer."

She rushed from the room. Clare and her customer looked a little puzzled as they watched her running from booth to booth, turning on faucets, singing gaily, dropping boxes and then picking them up again. When she returned to the reception room, the girl was busily turning pages in a magazine. In her best business manner, Marilyn walked over to the desk, picked up a pencil, and asked, "Have you decided? I, myself, think the feather cut would look well on you."

"It probably would, but I simply adore long hair. Now Miss . . a . . Miss . . Marilyn, to get down to business. I attend the local high school and I was wondering if you would care to place an ad in our school paper."

In Praise of Mary



Santa Madre di Dio, Santa Vergine delli Vergini . . . Rosa mistica . . . Caso d'oro . . . Porta del cielo . . . Soccorso dei Christiani, Regina dei angeli . . . Regina di tutti i Santi.

For centuries now the people of Italy, called by Longfellow "the blessed Mary's land," have greeted Our Lady with these invocations from the Litany of Loreto. Composed for the use of pilgrims to "The Holy House"* of Loreto, the litany received full ecclesiastical approbation in 1587.

Across the Alps to the north and across the seas—east, west, and south—those praises have been caught up and reframed in uncounted languages.

In three of these and in the official language of the Church, the following poems paraphase titles from the litany.

*According to well authenticated tradition this is Our Lady's cottage, miraculously transported from Nazareth to this site in the thirteenth century.

A LA VIRGEN MARIA

Spanish original and translation
By Aurora Menendez

Patrona,
Con encantos celestiales,
Mas preciosa que el oro,
Mas bella que la luna,
Tu proteccion imploro.

Virgen,
Bondadosa y dulce,
Fuente de gracia y amor,
La escogida entre millares,
Alivia mi dolor.

Reina,
De los cielos y la tierra,
Cuanto amor en mi Tu inspiras!
Al contemplar Tu rostro, Tu sonrisa,
Y el modo que miras.

Madre,
Mas tierna de las madres,
Oye mi ruego al partir,
Haz que el sello de Tu imagen
Lleve siempre hasta morir.

TO THE VIRGIN MARY

Patroness,

So full of celestial charms,
More precious than gold,
More beautiful than the moon,
Your protection I implore.

Virgin,

So generous and sweet,
Fountain of grace and love,
Chosen among millions,
Alleviate my grief.

Queen,

Of heaven and earth,
How much love in me you inspire
As I contemplate your face, your smile,
And the way you gaze upon me.

Mother,

Most tender of all Mothers,
Hear my last, my farewell plea,
May I bear the stamp of your image
In my heart until death.

MATER DIVINAE GRATIAE

Latin original by Anna Roffelsen
Translation by Jeanne Stiens

Ecce ancilla humilis,
Quae Jesum mundo donavit
Auctorem omnis gratiae,
Et Dei Filium Patris.

Mater Coelestis Muneris,
Quod Deus Pater promisit
Redemptorem omnibus,
Ora pro liberis tuis.

Mater spei et veniae,
Obtine pro sperantibus
Salutem, quae per te venit,
Mater Divinae gratiae.

MOTHER OF DIVINE GRACE

Behold the humble handmaid
Who gave Jesus to the world,
Author of all grace
And Son of God the Father.

Mother of a heavenly Gift,
Promised by God the Father
As Redeemer to all men,
Pray for us thy children.

Mother of hope and of pardon,
Obtain for trusting souls
Salvation, which through thee does come,
O Mother of Divine Grace.

REINSTE MUTTER

German original and translation
By Mary Helen Rhodes

Heilige Maria, Mutter so rein,
Mache mein Herz keusch wie Dein;
Bitte Mutter, nimm mich bei der Hand
Und fuehre mich durch dieses Pilger Land.
Sieh auf mich, meine liebe Dame,
Dein kind tragt Deinen holden Namen.

MOTHER MOST PURE

Holy Mary, Mother most pure,
Keep my heart for Jesus secure;
I beg thee, Mother, take my hand
And lead me through this pilgrim land.
Look upon me, lovely Dame,
This child who bears your blessed name.

TOUR D'IVOIRE

French original and translation
By Catherine Pangallo

Ne reculant pas dans d'asile ombragee
Mais viellant, sans fatigue, dans d'eglise de ville—
Une forte, calme donneuse de paix,
Pour tous les hommes, peccables et ennuyes
Qui viennent pour vigeur a renouer la dispute
Contre la vie moderne-atomique
Ou trop est perdu, peu est gagne.

Ne meprise pas des essais repetant
Des hommes a la perfection.
Pur donneuse d'espoir nouvelle,
Quand, apres l'effort soigneux,
Les hommes perdent grace par peche vieux
Et crainte assambrit l'esprit,
Procurez le force pour un autre debat.

TOWER OF IVORY

Not standing apart in some shady retreat
But watching, tireless, in some city church—
A strong, quiet peace-giver
For all sin-trodden, weary men
Who come for strength to renew the struggle
Against modern-atomic life
Where much is lost, little gained.

Not scornful of the repeated attempts
Of man at perfection.
Pure giver of new hope,
When, after painstaking effort,
Men lose grace through inveterate sin
And fear befogs the mind,
Supply the strength for another bout.

MORGEN STERN

German original and translation
By Margie Mellen

Morgen Stern im lichten Glanze,
Leucht' herab vom Himmelstron;
Schoenster Stern im Sternenkranze,
Fuehre mich zu Deinem Sohn.
Wenn die Wellen hoch sich tuermen,
Und das Schifflein sucht den Port;
In des Lebens rauhen Stuermen,
Morgen Stern, sei Du mein Hort.

MORNING STAR

Star of the Morning, in radiance bright,
Gleam from Thy heavenly throne;
Most beautiful Star in the starry realm,
Guide me to Jesus, Thy Son.
When waves are rolling rough and high,
On Life's tempestuous sea;
Be Thou my Pilot, Sweet Morning Star,
For all my trust is in Thee.

REINA DE LA PAZ

Spanish original and translation
By Stella Pinto

Reina de la paz,
Ruega por nosotros,
Del mundo destierra
La sangrienta guerra.
Haz que nos amemos
Cual pueblos hermanos;
Acrecienta nuestra fe
Y enciende nuestro amor;
Aviva nuestras esperanzaz,
Enjuga nuestras lagrimas
Y oye esta oracion ferviente
Que es mi plegaria ardiente,
Senora, por la bendita paz.

QUEEN OF PEACE

Queen of Peace,
Pray for us.
From the world banish
Bloody war;
Make us love one another
As brotherly people;
Increase our Faith
And inflame our love;
Enliven our hopes,
Dry our tears,
And hear this fervent prayer
Which is my ardent plea,
My Lady, for a blessed peace.

'With Malice Toward None'

Prize Essay in National Interracial Week contest.

GERALDINE SCHLOEMAN

Over New York harbor towers a flaming torch. The light of it shines down on all the land and on all the people even as the people raise their eyes to its cheering beams. It is the symbol of peace, and of democracy.

Through the war years that light was dimmed, and all America hoped and prayed for the time when it would shine forth in Victory. Years of darkness lay over the land, but finally there dawned the day of peace, and the light once more shone forth. Again people could turn back to normal pursuits, to peaceful ways, yet not one dared forget that the job was unfinished, that the task ahead was greater than the winning of the war.

Beacon of peace, the newly relighted torch brings also a new challenge to America. One of the gretest problems facing her is to rid the world of "racial hatred." She has seen the horrible outcome brought by the ruthless persecution of minority groups; she has also seen her own people work together as one, no matter what their color, race, or religion. She must strive toward the uprooting of all racial prejudices. Can she, then, turn her back on her own racial problem at home? She must secure honest relations in her own society before she can hope to remedy the problems of other lands. She must eliminate the Negro prejudice which is a blot on her soul.

America raises her eyes to the light, and it tells her what she is—a rich, young country, firmly built on good standards and ideals, and protected by a great hand called democracy. America knows well the price it has cost to obtain and keep this treasure. She is ever striving to preserve it because it is a breathing, living thing—it is the people.

One-tenth of the people of America are Negroes. We have grossly discriminated against this minority group. Our attitude towards this race is a threat to the whole theory and practice of democracy. The Negroes have made the most of every freedom and opportunity given to them, but the masses are still far below the average American standard in almost every phase of education, health, self-

reliance, and economic prosperity. The meanest and poorest, the most illiterate or uncultured white person is given a "social" standing superior to that permitted any Negro, no matter how cultured or educated or wealthy. Can America continue to preach democracy, freedom, and honor while she stoops to such depths of injustice? She cannot if she truly means all that she professes through the Constitution and the Bill of Rights—that all men are born equal. She must go much further in equalizing opportunity, before democracy can be anything more than a high-sounding term to Negroes. These human beings must be allowed a full existence through development of their God-given faculties and talents, which are just as sacred to the Negro as to the white person. Yes, America, these people have all the potential greatness of any human being.

The Negro has proved himself worthy of the right to a high place in American society. He has borne the responsibilities of an American. He pays his taxes; he contributes to the country's welfare. He has willingly given his life for the ideals and standards of his country, probably because no one knows better than he that they are worth fighting and dying for. The Negro has shown his devotion to duty in every war. He has never deserted his country when it needed him.

The Negro is not a menace. Indeed, America is fortunate to have him living on her shores. He has brought a wealth of beauty by his characteristic songs and spirituals. He has contributed much to literature, art, and dramatics—in fact to all cultural arts. He has taken his place in the fields of sports, business, education, and science. Many Negroes have blazed the road to fame. When given a good education and opportunities, he proves he can be of great benefit to his countrymen.

The under-current of tension and unrest now present in the country is not all the Negro's fault. By nature he is a peaceful character, but he is also a human being, filled with the desire for justice for his race.

Race hatred is not inborn; it is acquired. Only through education can the wrong attitudes be corrected. Correcting the erroneous opinions will bring about respect and kindness toward the Negro. But human understanding is not enough. Means must be taken to insure his rights in all phases of American life.

STAR FOR A NIGHT

Off into the sky one night
I sailed on a maple leaf.
High, high, up in the sky
Above the moon and the stars
My leaf swooped and swirled
And dipped and twirled
And rose and whirled,
High in the sky one night.

And the wind was there,
The lovely wind
That played so gently around me
And softly mussed my hair.
The wind moaned and mumbled
And rushed and rumbled
And tossed and tumbled
And softly brushed my cheek.

My leaf was a star
For one wonderful night,
A bright, a glittering star,
Then a fading, falling star—
A star, dim and dying
And slight and sighing
And limp and lying
Disenchanted on the earth.

—Lois Tenbieg.

The Magic Hour

MARY HELEN WELLS

Cinderella in a Department Store.

I glanced nervously at the clock. Only fifteen minutes until closing time. There was so much to be done before the magic hour of twelve.

The jolly pre-Christmas shoppers jostled and shoved their merry way past our counter. The season was indeed a happy one for them, but it gave me only a headache.

Our counter was the busiest in the store, for everyone knew that Christmas was not the day it should be unless a wide-eyed, curly-haired doll rested under the tree for that very special little someone.

Just as Mr. Watkins, the section manager, was handing a refund to a ruffled customer, the bell, announcing the clearing of the store, rang. The customers slowly filed out, while I sighed and sank wearily against the wall. Another hectic day was through.

Now only the tired clerks remained. Mable, the head salesgirl of our department, stood at one end of the counter, slowly putting a sheet over the dolls. I glanced at the shelves. Our stock of dolls was still quite complete, ranging from the lowly Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy to the lordly Princess in Blue and Prince in Shining Armor.

Mable finished her task, rescued her purse from its precarious position on the edge of the counter, waved a cheery good-bye and made her way across the store to the basement stairs.

I glanced at the clock again. Where had the time gone? I had only a few minutes to get ready for the dance.

Pulling myself to a standing position, I made my way along the counter to the mirror. I pushed back my hair and clipped it firmly with a jewelled pin, smoothed out the wrinkles in my blue dress, and rubbed the dust from my shoes.

Footsteps, tiny footsteps echoed and re-echoed in the empty store. The tiny footsteps came closer. Across the counter walked the Prince in Shining Armor followed by the rest of the dolls and soon I, the Princess in Blue, would be dancing with all of them at the Toyland Ball.

Fancies Turn

PAT WESSEL

Tom was in love and everyone in church knew it.

Timothy O'Malley, the park policeman, had formed a friendship with an elderly man who came to the park every day to sun himself, enjoy nature, and feed the pigeons. Today was no exception. The old man arrived precisely on time, half past eleven, and seated himself on the bench near the statue of Grant. It was a typical spring day.

O'Malley walked toward the bench with a friendly "Good mornin'" in mind, but a most attractive nurse with a small girl caught his eye . . . and his fancy turned. So did his footsteps.

"Mornin' ma'am. To be sure it's a fine day."

The nurse answered him with interest, and soon the two were engaged in conversation. The little girl, unheeded, went off seeking adventure.

Soon she was standing before the old man now busily feeding a flock of pigeons. At his kindly invitation she "helped" him.

Atfer all the peanuts were gone and there was nothing more to do, the little girl looked up at the old man and, as is the custom of small children, said, "Do you know any stories?"

"Well . . .," the old man began.

"Nancy, my nurse," the girl interrupted, "tells me stories all the time, but . . ."

The old man looked over to the huge fountain in the center of the park where Timothy O'Malley and Nancy were now lost in conversation.

"I see," he laughed. "Maybe, maybe, I do know a story. Let me see . . . Oh, yes, here's one you probably won't understand very well, but it's a good one."

"Tell me, tell me," the little girl insisted, edging closer to the old man.

"Well, it goes this way," the man began. "It was a bright, sunny spring day, just like today, a long, long time ago. It was Sunday, and the bells of the little white church in the center of town were telling the townspeople that the services were about to start.

"Tom, a seventeen-year-old farm boy, walked slowly toward the church. But it was spring, and something down inside him made

him stroll along, take his own sweet time, and observe the beauty around him. His heart skipped a beat when his eye beheld the first daffodil in Mrs. Peterson's garden, and when a yellow butterfly went by, his heart gained the lost beat. Tom was completely under the spell of spring. All he could think or dream about was the wonders of nature around him and . . . and Laura. There was a lightness in his walk, and he could see nothing but feathery white clouds drifting overhead and Laura . . . and Laura . . . Laura.

"To Tom, Laura was the most beautiful girl in the whole wide world. Her hair was as yellow as Mrs. Peterson's daffodils. Laura. It had all started about three weeks before at the dance in Helen Steven's dad's barn. Tom and Laura, well, you see, uh . . ."

"What do you mean?" asked the wide-eyed little girl.

"Going on his way," continued the old man, clearing his throat, "Tom now drew near to the little white church. He shook hands with Reverend Stewart, greeted old Cyrus at the door, and went to his usual seat—the ninth pew from the front.

"In a few minutes, Reverend Stewart entered, the congregation stood, and the choir began to sing. Tom's face lit up, and his heart pounded when he saw Laura several pews ahead of him. She glanced sheepishly over Tom's way, and Tom could feel his ears begin to turn red. He stood there, hearing nothing, his eyes on Laura. Laura. . . .

"When the choir finished, the congregation sat down, and Reverend Stewart began his usual announcements. All was silent when he intoned the usual prayers, but Tom could not concentrate. He could only continue watching Laura, who, like the others, had lowered her eyes in reverence.

"After the prayer, Reverend Stewart began, 'We are going to have a special solo this morning. "The Old Rugged Cross." Laura blushed a little. Tom's heart leaped, and the pulse at his temples was furious. Laura . . . Laura.

"The organist played the introduction, and Laura began. Her high tones were beautiful and clear. Completely helpless, Tom sat in awe. To him there was no one within a hundred miles. Laura and he were alone on a pink cloud.

"The song ended. Laura returned to her seat. Suddenly, from the ninth pew, came an applause that snapped the silence of the church.

"The preacher, quite astonished, peered at Tom over his glasses. Two venerable spinsters busily exchanged whispers, and old Cyrus awoke with a jump from his customary Sunday morning nap. Tom could feel himself shrink into Tom Thumb's shoes; his neck burned under his starched collar.

"Tom heard very little of the

sermon that followed. The townsfolk still talk of the happenings of that morning.

"Laura, however, was much pleased that Tom liked her song. She wasn't the least embarrassed. In fact, when Tom asked to see her home after services, she smiled happily and said, 'Yes'. She was the proudest girl in town as she walked past the gossipy spinsters.

"There's your story," said the old gentleman. "Did you like it?"

"Oh, yes!" cried the little girl. "Nancy never tells me stories like that."

"No, I don't suppose she does," the man chuckled.

"I'll come again tomorrow."

"Will you tell me another story then? Will you be here?" asked the little girl excitedly.

"Yes, I'll be here," laughed the man.

"What's your name?" questioned the little girl as she prepared to leave. "Mine's Suzie."

"My name? Oh, just call me Tom."

A WILD DOVE HIGH

A wild dove high on a tension wire
Against the evening sun,
High, free, before the sky,
Alone, flaunting fire-clouds,
Unafraid of the coming night.
Oh, I pray
So my spirit should be
Free,
Alone,
Unafraid, against things to come.

—Lois Tenbieg.

Catastrophe

JOAN BAUMER

The lake was a mirror of frozen loveliness. Dazzling white in the bright winter sunshine, it looked as though the bountiful God had sprinkled it with diamonds. Nothing marred its perfect beauty. The jagged tree tops on the neighboring hills only emphasized its smoothness; the gray of twilight only made it seem more white.

And then, in an instant, the frosty exquisiteness was gone—broken by a rock hurled from a thoughtless hand. Black water came up through the splintered ice and ran over the whiteness, like black ink spreading on a clean sheet of paper. What had been sheer loveliness was now a ruined piece of art.

The shattered mirror seemed to symbolize the shattered dreams of mankind. It seemed to portray the futile hopes and unfulfilled desires of men who had fought and died for lost causes, of those who had dreamed their idle dreams and then returned to the dust from which they had sprung, taking the dreams with them. The ghosts of all the armies of the world were there in the swirling black waters, and each was shouting his battlecry, "Democracy"—"Nazism" — "Equality" — "Fascism," and each cry went unheeded and mingled unheard with the others. The visions of wise men were there, and the aspirations of evil men, all lost forever beyond the reach of time.

Yet even then the ice was beginning to harden again, just as men go on forever in quest of their dreams.

Spring

SARAH JO MAHAN

The gentle patter of soft rain on the roof-top combined with the light breeze swishing gently in through the open window, announced the approach of my favorite season, spring. The clouds gradually separated forming a fleecy frame for the sun. Coaxed by his rays, the earth brought to life a host of riotous colors. The birds chirped and sang merrily, while tiny squirrels scolded and chased each other from tree to tree. The brook ran frivolously on, gurgling, laughing. Along its shore blue violets raised their shy, sleepy heads to the sun.

E Pluribus Duo

PATRICIA PARKER

When a celebrity visits a school, anything can happen.

Kerrian Catholic High School was buzzing with excitement; rarely did they expect such a renowned visitor as Professor John C. Scout.

Carrie Nelson had started it all. She remembered reading about it in Monday's paper. After the funnies and sport page, and a quick glance at the society page, she idly looked at the headlines—as a matter of principle, she put it. There it was: "Prof. Scout, Noted Collector, to Lecture Here." She tossed the paper down, then grabbed it up again, this time reading the whole article.

"Imagine," Carrie thought, "someone famous coming to Warrenville! Wouldn't it be wonderful if he would come to Kerrian for a lecture!"

And if she could get him—what a feather in her cap. Surely she would then be elected editor of the yearbook. Each year the student who did the most for the class during the year was elected editor. Carrie was among the most eligible, and this would clinch it.

So Tuesday afternoon found Carrie and Rod, Rodney Kilpatrick III, that is, in Prof. Scout's office being politely rebuffed by his secretary. She said she was sorry the professor was out. But Carrie was persistent.

"But Miss," she cried, "I just have to see him!"

The secretary was firm.

"I'm sorry, dear, but the professor really is very busy."

"But just for a second," Carrie protested.

"Aw, c'mon Carrie," Rod put in, "she's right. He's much too busy to see us."

Just then the professor came out of his office. Carrie ran over to him and poured out her story. "So you see," she concluded, "if you'd come, just for half an hour, everything would be perfect."

The professor threw back his partially bald head and laughed.

"My dear child," he chuckled, "I had fully intended visiting Kerrian. The Dean is an old friend of mine. But as to a lecture—well, this tour is to exhibit and explain my collection of rare coins. I hardly think high school students would find them interesting."

"Oh, but they would" interrupted Carrie, "wouldn't they, Rod?" Rod just glared, but Carrie went on, undaunted.

"See, Professor, Rod wants you, too."

"Well, young lady," said the professor, "my sole objection is

based on the fact that the guards wouldn't be with me. You see, I have two very rare coins in my collection, and the guards won't arrive until Thursday. I had planned my visit for Wednesday."

But Carrie was not to be refused.

"Look, Professor, no one will even know you were there until you're gone."

So here it was, Wednesday morning, and Carrie and Rod were being congratulated for capturing such a celebrity for their usually prosaic Wednesday assembly. Rod was wholly unaffected, but all the way to school Carrie had bubbled with joy. In her excitement the attention she received from a shifty-eyed, gray-suited man went unnoticed. Nor did she realize that this same man followed them closely, straining his ears to catch their conversation. Suddenly the man turned and walked quickly down a side street.

Assembly was over, the lecture had been a huge success. The entire student body seemed to enjoy the talk on numismatics. Only a few honor students, the class officers, and, of course, Rod and Carrie, had the privilege of meeting the Professor and being shown the two rare coins. No one seemed to notice the two young men who slipped quietly past the front door and into the line filing into the dean's office to see the coins. One of the men, dressed in a gray suit, looked anxiously around. Rod was leaning against the doorway watching Carrie, who felt a proprietary interest in the coins, exclaiming over them in what he considered a disgusting way. He whispered impatiently to her to hurry and then wondered, indifferently, who the two strangers were. Almost simultaneously with his thought, one of them pulled a small black object from his pocket and leveled it at the Professor. The one in gray spoke.

"We want those two museum pieces, Professor, where are they?"

Rod stiffened and glanced at Carrie, who had turned a frightening white. He jerked his head backward slightly, signaling to her. She caught on and suddenly flipped the two coins through the air to him. The men yelled and Rod began to run down the empty hall, because he could think of nothing else to do. The men chased him—down the hall, through the library, past the chapel. Rod was frantically wondering what to do. He said a brief prayer and suddenly it came to him. He stopped short and cut through the chapel, vaguely wondering if his action were sacrilegious. He was out in the side hall now, and had about five seconds to get rid of his treasures. The Blessed Mother seemed to smile upon him, for he had no sooner carried out his inspiration when he saw the two men, one coming through the chapel, the

other bearing down from the opposite corner.

"If they just didn't see," Rod hoped.

They dashed up to him and the one in gray grabbed his lapels.

"C'mon, you little brat," he panted, "let's have 'em."

They shoved him against the wall and searched his pockets, but in vain. The silent one covered the hall hurriedly, while the one in gray threatened Rod. He knew they didn't have much time, and were becoming desperate.

As he began to speak, the Professor, Carrie, the Dean, and two policement came breathlessly around the corner. The thieves were not quick enough; the police had them, and it was all over.

But Rod still felt a little weak. The Professor was pulling on him, asking for the coins, and the Dean was anxiously peering into his face, while Carrie just stood and stared at him. The hall was filling with inquiring, wide-eyed students by now, and the policemen were complimenting Rod and Carrie for their quick action.

"Why, if you hadn't acted so quickly, and hidden those coins," the Corporal was saying, "they'd have had your precious coins and been gone."

The Professor nodded eager agreement, but insisted, "Please, Rodney, the coins, where are they?"

"Oh," said Rod, "well, I figured the safest place was the most obvious place. With that he walked over to the statue of the Blessed Virgin, picked up the "Sacrifice for China" plate and emptied it out into his hand. There among the nickles, dimes, and pennies were the Professor's rare coins.

Now the yearbook is in the making. One whole page is devoted to Professor J. C. Scout's lecture. And the assistant editor, Carrie Nelson, thinks Editor Rodney Kilpatrick is the most wonderful boy in Warrenville.

A CHILD'S FAITH

A child was gazing at the sky—
I, earth-centered, wondered why.
Thinking he had spied a plane,
I, too, scanned the cloud's domain.

Since nothing unwonted met my view
I asked, "Dear, what is attracting you?"
But my query was in vain—
The child but pointed up again.

"Be not a dreamer, child," I said,
"Come, it is late, now go to bed."
Still with wistful eyes he gazed
His face unto the Heaven's raised.

"Last night I found a star up there.
Surely the good God could not bear
To take the little light away—
Because it dared to face the day!"

My halting answer staid not sleep,
Guarded by angels who children keep.
When at the dawn I did arise
God's star gazed into that child's eyes.

—Norma Corrine Veiders.

Our Lady in Romantic Poetry

RUTH BECHTOL

Our Lady's inspiration seen in the English romanticists.

Man can scarcely know a purer joy than the contemplation of the inner life of God's mother. Poets and artists, together with the saints of all times, have immersed themselves in Mary's soul and found inspiration and sanctity.

To the Romantic poets, Mary is particularly a symbol of beauty. In her immaculate loveliness she is not only their true ideal of womanhood, but a gateway to the beauties of nature.

Frequently the explicit subject of Romantic poetry, Mary is also present in its undertones. The Romanticists call her "the shining of dew" on the grass and rose petals, "the sweetness" of spring blossoms, "the blitheness" of lark and thrush and nightingale, "the gentleness" of the little lamb, type of her Son. Springtime and May furnish Romantic geniuses their best opportunity to draw parallels between Mary's ineffable graces and the beauties of earth made new. She is pre-eminently the Mother of Delight.

The song of Ellen in Scott's "Lady of the Lake" is a tribute to Mary's power of transforming life's sorrow into sheerest joys. The sweet innocence of the singer, reflecting the humility and purity of the "Maiden Mild," gives this "Ave Maria" peculiar charm.

The simplicity of Mary appealed especially to Wordsworth. She fitted into the world of simple things that he loved. His sonnet, "The Virgin," drawing its imagery from the rose-strewn skies of dawn and the central ocean foam, couples her mother-love and maiden purity. Similar in theme is this poet's modernized version of the "Prioress's Tale" in Chaucer.

Coleridge, whose works abound in references to Mary, singles out her mothering of the Divine Babe as the special

subject of two poems. "A Christmas Carol," of eight stanzas, shows Mary exulting in the birth of the Prince of Peace. To justify her joy at His coming, even though her station in life is lowly, the poet has her answer his argument that a Warrior Prince would have brought her fame and glory.

The "Virgin's Cradle Hymn," is a true lullaby.

Sleep, sweet Babe! my cares beguiling!
Mother sits beside Thee smiling.
Sleep, my darling, tenderly!
If Thou sleep not, mother mourneth,
Singing as her wheel she turneth.
Come, soft slumber, balmily!

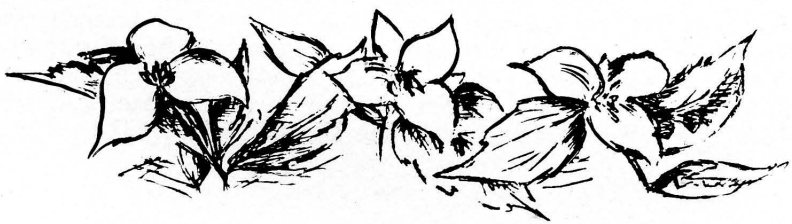
Prayer to Mary is immortalized in three Romantic tributes. Keats, in "St. Agnes Eve," pictures the beadsman saying his rosary with numb fingers as his frosted breath

"Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven,
without death
Past the sweet Virgin's picture."

Southey finds the custom of praying at the sound of the "vesper bell," in accord "with the calm and sober thoughts of even." Lord Byron's exquisite "Ave Maria" in "Don Juan" is in response to the "Angelus" bell at sunset.

Among the lesser Romantic poets, Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans deserves special mention. Her "Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin" is a contemplation of Mary's glory side-by-side with her self-abasement. "The Song of the Blessed Virgin" depicts Mary herself pouring out an undying song, doubtless, the "Magnificat."

The above citations, while not at all exhaustive, amply testify to the Mary-influence as a definite trend in Romantic poetry.



Editorials

Taste and See . . .

The Mission of Beauty

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Set up against the short-lived fairness of youth, the one-day freshness of the plucked gardenia, the instantaneous crumbling of art monuments under the shock of atomic energy, Keats's dogma of beauty seems unfounded.

If, however, the permanence is transferred from the "thing", to its impress on the appreciative observer, the poet's dictum voices a profound truth. That truth implies a mounting upward from the created beauties to the Uncreated Beauty Whose eternal possession alone is truly "a joy forever."

To appreciate beauty is to value, to esteem, under any circumstances, every object meriting the judgment. A diamond set in lead, a talisman rose on a tenement window-sill, graciousness in a street sweeper—each calls for recognition. Once acquired, true appreciation is an ever-present endowment, not a thing reserved for museum-visiting. It embraces not only the stamped-with-approval, time-tested classics, but beauty unheralded—in a snatch of melody, a scent, a geometric design.

Beauty counts its lovers in all social groups. No "keep-out" placards can bar the man of lowly means from reveling in the multiple beauties of nature. Perhaps no ruler of Italy or millionaire tourist of Umbria ever extracted from the valley of Spoleto as much joy as did "the little poor man of Assisi."

Love of the beautiful is part of culture; it is inseparable from love of truth and love of goodness. Not only is it the mark of a mind trained to discern true worth, but of an understanding. sympathetic spirit.

The lover of beauty holds a key to world culture. Sensitive to beauty, no matter how unostentatious, he can close the gap between the familiar and the foreign. He can appreciate the Oriental's love of line as well as the Frenchman's love of form. Kin to beauty lovers everywhere, he is, potentially, a citizen of the world.

Worthy of Life

Life is a gift of God. It is a gift, however, whose value is conditioned by our use of it.

Genuine mastery of life means far more than the elimination of personal poverty, the promotion of health, or the acquisition of learning. All these require the support of deep convictions which will endure even though the material fruits of labor be never attained, or, once gained, be lost forever.

Mastery of life demands that our efforts be directed toward a definite goal. As we strive to achieve this goal we are faced with challenges. We may accept or reject these challenges, but by our choices regarding them our life is cut to certain patterns. If our choices are unwise, the pattern pieces will be jagged and the whole, misshapen; if wise, the parts will be clean cut and the whole, harmonious.

This choice of challenges is not, then, guess-work. It calls for careful attention. Such far-reaching effects flow from our avoidance or acceptance of a single obstacle thrown in our path, that we may say our choice of challenges molds our character and eventually makes us what we are.

If we take, one by one, the opportunities offered us to be gracious and helpful and reverent, we shall build a personality worthy of a child of God and our days will be living acts of gratitude for the gift of life.

—Barbara Schenkel.

Book Reviews

Cass Timberlane

By Sinclair Lewis

Reviewing the reviews.

"Cass Timberlane", Sinclair Lewis's latest noval, has had interestingly divergent receptions.

Representative evaluations in print are those submitted by Lewis Gannett of the **New York Herald Tribune,** Mary M. Colum of the **Saturday Review of Literature,** and Harold C. Gardiner of **America.** They reflect the attitude, respectively, of a fourth estater, a literary critic, and a Catholic thinker. **Time** and **Newsweek** give the weekly news magazine view.

Sinclair Lewis, a self-appointed crusader, was born in Sauk Center, Minnesota, in 1885. The "future scourge" of his hometown went to Yale where he began work on "Main Street." Since its publication in 1914, he maintains, he has never done an honest day's work. "Writing novels is an easy life—don't let any writer tell you how hard it is."

Although Lewis refused the $1000 Pulitzer Prize for "Arrowsmith" in 1926, he accepted the Nobel Prize of $46,350, in 1930. He is the first American novelist to be so honored.

Having successively married and divorced Grace Livingstone Hegner and Dorothy Thompson, he is now courting young Miss Marcella Powers. Since "Cass Timberlane" is the story of the romance of an older man and a young woman, the **Time** reviewer, for one, feels that Mr. Lewis may be trying to reconcile his friends and the public to his current romance.

"Cass Timberlane" is a tale of Grand Republic, a midwestern town, population 85,000. The story opens with Cass Timberlane, a former Congressman and now judge in Minnesota, falling in love with Jinny Marshland, a "half-tamed hawk of a girl," and most of it portrays their courtship and marriage.

Cass has a hard time persuading his friends that his young fiancee is fit to be his wife. After their marriage he has a still more difficult time holding the wayward Jinny. She finally runs to New York with one of Cass's best friends. Cass is willing to forgive all; so Jinny returns. She tells her husband in the final pages "I am going to get new storm-windows on my room, even if I have to put them up myself. I'm the best storm-window fixer in this town. You'll see." There is

no promise of future fidelity, only the calm sureness of forgiveness.

Subtitled "A Novel of Husbands and Wives," this book intermingles with the chief story the pathetic tales of the Zebra sisters who think their husbands and brothers-in-law are perfect; of a mortician, in love with a dipsomaniac; of a dentist, whose wife frustrates even his hope for a happy suicide. These are typical Americans, according to Sinclair Lewis.

The critics are plainly puzzled. Is Lewis a social satirist?

Mr. Gannett suggests that he is. "Lewis," he comments, "has always hated the smart aleck and the phony as well as the smugly conventional; he has always believed that with a little effort and intelligence any Minnesota town could be the sweetest village on the plain. He still thinks so."

Miss Colum sees Lewis's satire as mere caricature. "As always he is satirical, and we as always, are in a quandary, not knowing exactly when he is conscious of his own satire or its objective and when he is merely bamboozling himself, or his personages are bamboozling themselves. . . . What he really is, is a caricaturist."

Father Gardiner finds neither the satirist's sympathy with or "acid anger" toward his characters in Mr. Lewis's novels. He thinks that Lewis, instead of continually mounting the pulpit, should admit that he is a "straight-forward story-teller without a social message."

Time, attempting to be favorable, is constrained to apologize for the extreme paganism of the characters.

Newsweek describes them as "old Sinclair Lewis items, only warmed over by a tired chef."

The five commentators agree on the gross abnormality and the un-American qualities of these normal Americans.

In his attempt to picture American home life Mr. Lewis shows how limited is his knowledge of the thing about which he writes. The educated or slightly intelligent are all simple adulterers; the people who make up the happy homes are either morons, imbeciles, or plain, simple social misfits. Treating the book as a whole, the reviewers are in substantial agreement that it has almost no real merit.

Mr. Gannett, who, as advertiser, has sold "Cass Timberlane" to the public, and Miss Colum assume the attitude of an indulgent parent toward a favorite child who has made a slight mistake and will easily make up for it. Irked by its "kitten phraseology," Miss Colum still calls it "an able and even brilliant book."

Father Gardiner cannot patronize, he cannot condone the philosophy of life portrayed. He does grant that the main story is

"shrewd, extremely well managed in dialogue, and well paced."

Time, though devoting its entire book section to the life of Lewis, to insights into his former works, and finally to "Cass Timberlane," admits that the book will add nothing to Lewis's literary stature. **Newsweek** bluntly labels the book a failure.

For all the adverse criticisms, the American people are reading "Cass Timberlane" and will probably read any forthcoming novels by Sinclair Lewis.

—Diana Magnus.

A Survey of Catholic Literature

By Stephen J. Brown, S. J., and Thomas McDermott

Widespread observance, in the fall of 1945, of the centenaries of Cardinal Newman and Father Faber, noted convert authors, has refocused attention on one important sector of English Catholic literature—the Oxford Movement.

Significantly, the first over-all survey of Catholic literature, the subject of this review, appeared in that centenary year.

Written jointly by a Dublin author-librarian, the Reverend Stephen J. Brown, S. J., and Mr. Thomas McDermott, veteran Milwaukee editor, in contact with sources on the five continents and Oceania, the volume is a definite contribution to world culture.

Interpreting the term "Catholic literature" as any literature in which the Catholic faith plays a part, it treats not only literary productions from the acknowledged fields of creative writing, but all works of lasting value, regardless of subject matter. Covering the twenty centuries of the Christian era, it is "Catholic" also in time.

While fact is its first objective, the work is not mere chronology. Evaluation of individual works, interpretation of trends, and intimate personality glimpses add specific values.

Almost in panorama the story unfolds. First come the Ages of Faith made glorious by the apologistic literature of the Church Fathers. St. Augustine whose "Confessions" are a world classic and whose "City of God" is still valuable as a philosophy of history, is foremost. The Dark Ages bring the founding of Benedictine and Columban monasteries and the Anglo-Saxon authors—Venerable Bede, Caedmon, King Aelfric. Highlighting the Middle Ages are St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Francis of Assisi, Petrarch, Villon, More. At their close stands Dante, greatest of Christian poets, "married to immortal verse."

Classical antiquity dominates the Renaissance scene. In its course the Protestant Reformation

breaks over Europe. Literary giants, like St. Francis de Sales, take the defensive. With the seventeenth century a golden age sets in for France and Spain.

Next comes the Age of Voltaire. Encyclopedists, like Diderot, and fanatical rationalists, like Rousseau, make their onslaught of skepticism and ridicule against religion. Then in the wake of the French Revolution dawns the nineteenth century bringing the Catholic Revival, first in the European countries, then in North and South America, and finally in the Far East and Oceania. Extending to our own times, that revival continues, counting among its exponents Belloc, Chesterton, Claudel, Gheon, Kilmer, and Yeats.

Especially valuable are the pages devoted to the status of Catholic literature in minor countries of the western world and in the Orient. In these areas there is not yet a flourishing Catholic literature embracing "belles-lettres": apologistic and historical writings predominate.

Norway, however, has its Sigrid Undset, and Austria, its Enrica Handel-Mazzetti, both novelists of power.

Singling out the field of fiction, the authors discuss the fewness of good Catholic novels. They point out in explanation, the lack of craftsmanship, the use of unrealistic themes, and, most important of all, "the error that Catholic novelists may not come to actual grips with sin and reality."

The over-all picture given of Catholic literature, today, however, is heartening. Catholic writers are making valuable and widely accepted contributions, not only in theology and philosophy, but in law and sociology, no less than in creative writing. Imbued with true Catholicism, their realistic, alert attitude promises much for the future.

—Catherine Pangallo.

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